1346 m 7
(14)

Coridon and Clora.

AS I went out one evening in May,
The fields they were clothed in gaudy array,
I chanced to hear as I paſs'd thro a grove,
A Shepherd lamenting the loſs of his love.
It was hard by a fountain where he ſat all alone,
The birds they came flocking to liſten to his moan,
They were plac'd on either branches as they over him hung
And they ſeem'd to attend him ſo ſweetly he ſung.
It was hard by a fountain, where ſhe heard my pipes play
She would come and ſit by her love all the day;
In innocent pleaſures we'd ſpend all our time,
No joys in the world were equal to mine
Was there ever man liv'd in ſo happy a ſtate,
As me in my pleaſure my thoughts they were great.
I ſigh'd to fair Clora and thus I did ſay
To make us both happy love wants but one day.
That day, ſaid my deareſt, as yet muſt not come,
For I fear loving ſhepherd, that we are too, young
But a while I'll to ſervice, and when I return,
Then we ſhall be maried my love Coridon.
What will you to ſervice and leave me ſaid I?
O yes loving ſhepherd I'll tell you for why;
For in marrying too early I think it not fit,
Some years will encreaſe both in ſubſtance and wit.
But I fear deareſt creature when once they are gone,
You will ſoon forget your love Coridon;
Some other briſk gallant my fair one will enjoy,
And if you deceive me to be ſure I will die.
What do you miſtruſt me fair Clora did ſay,
My love to my ſhepherd ſhall never decay,
May I quit the nation and die in my prime,
If ever my love to my ſhepherd decline.
As fortune would have it to ſervice ſhe went,
To ſervice a young lady it was her intent,
She happened to light on a fair lady gay,
Who clothed fair Clora in gaudy array.
About a month or two after a letter I penn'd,
And unto fair Clora theſe lines I did ſend,
It was of her good fortune and health to enquire,
And to ſee if her love to me ſtill was entire.
Her anſwer came quickly which made me to know,
That ſhe was promoted and I was to ſow;
And that ſhe did live in ſo happy a life,
That ſhe never did choſe to be Coridon's wife.
Theſe words of my deareſt did would like a dart,
But I pull'd up my fancy, and chear'd up my heart,
in hopes that ſhe never would ſend ſo no more,
But her anſwer came to me ſeveral times o'er.
Now farewell to my flocks, I'll bid you adieu;
My Hat, Club, and black Dog farewell unto you;
My Bags, and my Bottle, I'll leave you behind:
Since Clora! Falſe Clora! has changed her mind
O! pox on the day of her gaudy attire;
Some other briſk gallant her charms doth admire,
But ſince ſhe's deceitful, and left me I ſee,
I wiſh he may deceive her, as ſhe has done me.